

# The Cor-Lyd Chronicles

December 2004

Lydia



I'm getting so big. People here call me "gemuk" (fat), but I'm just healthy. I like to eat. I eat rice, lots of it. I also eat bread, fruit, vegetables, and most other things. Meat is not my favorite. Tonight dad made me sit in my chair until I finished my chicken. I really wanted a peanut butter and jelly cracker, but I couldn't eat it until I finished my chicken. It took a long time to chew, not like rice or bread. But I finally did it. I really wanted that cracker. I love to drink muk (milk) also. After dinner, at the retreat we just went to, I drank four cups of muk. I kept saying more muk but my dad said I had enough.

I love my daddy. He's so strong. He can swing me around and carry me and pick me up when I fall. I love mommy too, but since Cory is usually clinging to her I can hug daddy.

The other day Aunt Kim sent me these cool stickers. I love them. They are MINE. Not Cory's. Bad Cory. I'm not supposed to say "bad" about anyone, but Cory is bad when he takes them from me. Cory slaps me and squeezes my face, and puts me in head locks and makes me cry. Then mom spanks Cory and makes him say "sorry." Then I say "I forgive you."

At night we practice memorizing verses from the Bible. Sometimes I go first, then Cory. But some times I have to wait for my turn. When it is my turn Cory makes me frustrated by repeating daddy when it is my turn. I say, "I DOIT!" Bad Cory. After naps Cory usually wakes up grumpy, but I don't know why. I'm always happy when I wake up. I'm happy most of the time, except when Cory hurts me or daddy doesn't let me do what I want. Bad! Don't tell mom I said that, I get a spanking if I say "bad." It's hard to obey, but when Cory obeys it makes it easier.

I'm really so sweet. I play with my bears (Pooh, brown bear, and pink bear). We have a pic-nic and eat things and sit under a tent.

When I don't wear any pants at all I do so good at using the potty chair. I go pee and poopie all by myself. But if I wear panties or a diaper I forget and go poopie in my pants. I don't like it, but I can only remember when I'm naked. But when I'm naked I remember all the time. Why can't I just be naked? Mommy makes me wear clothes. Bad!



Cory



Dear family,

I just wanted to say hi. Here's a picture of me starting the day with my favorite cereal, Milo! These sugar packed chocolate balls give me plenty of energy to run, scream, cry, and laugh. I love to be Buzz Lightyear, Peter Pan, Tarzan, Superman, Tigger, Bob the Builder, and anyone else. In the second picture I am the mean, green, "Incredible Hulk." I get mommy and daddy to play with me all the time. You be Pooh bear, you be the monkey, you be Wendy....

Its hard to be three. Sometimes I get so angry I just can't think straight. I want to break things and smash things, and hurt Lydia and I don't know why. After some quiet time in my room I feel a little better.

We went on a retreat to "Bogord" last week. We rode in a car for 4 hours and finally got there. I got to play all day, swim, and eat snacks. Ibu Santi watched me a lot when mom and dad were in meetings. On the last day, I wasn't feeling good. I sat on mommy's lap while everyone took communion. When everyone was done I stood up in the middle of the circle and threw up three times. I felt better after that. Then on the ride home I sat by myself and looked out the window the WHOLE time.

Today we ripped off another paper chain. 12 days until Christmas. I know about when Jesus died and about when He was born. I'm hoping for a Buzz Lightyear doll, a really one, not like the little flat puppet ones we play with. Those are really just stickers Aunt Kim gave to me.

Love you and miss you a lot.